FAMILY HISTORY

EARL HENRY SMITH

I was born May 18, 1896 in Charleston, Utah in Wasatch County to George Smith and Mary Ann Davis Moulton Smith. I was born early in the morning and my half sister Dot (Elizabeth Elvira) went out and told the other children that they had a new red headed baby brother. I was the youngest of 4 children of this marriage. Olive Elsa who was 5 years old when I was born, Blanche Louise who was 3½ and Luella who was a little past 2 years old.

My father George, had been married previously to Hannah Louise Turner, whom he had married in England and they came to the United States together in 1871. They had 7 children, one of which died as a child.

My mother Mary Ann, had been married previously also, to William Denton Moulton. So she had 5 children. I remember Dave, Mabel and Sylvan living with us, them being the youngest of the half brothers and sisters on father's side.

Father and mother were married September 16, 1890 and lived in Charleston, where my sisters Olive Elsa, Blanche Louise, Louella and Earl Henry (myself) were born.

Father moved the family to Park City, Utah in Summit County in the fall of 1896 and my first recollection of Park City was on New Year's Day in 1900 at my half brother's, George William, wedding and I think there is a picture in the family somewhere taken that day on the porch of the home in Park City.

I had a real pleasant life as a youth, went to school and church regular and was baptized in the cold Kimball Creek, below Park City in 1904.

I recall during my primary years, we had many picnics and on Easter we always had parties with the other kids at the "Easter Rock" on the east side hills of Park City.

When I was about 10 years old, dad bought me an Indian pony named "CHIEF" and there were only 3 or 4 other boys who had ponies. We used to ride up the mountains and play in the old mine tunnels and shafts and play like we were miners.

I used to gather the milk cows from some of the neighbors and drive them to dad's pasture where he also had a slaughter house about where the golf course is now.

At the Spiral Tunnel site and the little creek, is where I caught my first fish and shot my first shot gun. I remember the kick nearly floored me.

At about age 11, I was sick with typhoid fever and almost died. I have a little red glass that my step-grandmother(Elizabeth Hope Davis) bought me in Salt Lake. I drank several cases of lemon soda from that cup while I was sick.

I was always a baseball nut and used to carry the glove of either the big catcher, Tom Ryan or the fielder, Bill Berry. I could get in the games free that way. After one game with Eureka, the train had waited for the Eureka team and as it was leaving the station with the players waving goodbye, the engine hit a poor rail and turned over on it's side. The engineer was trapped, but was pulled out by one of the Park City players. I never will forget that scene.

About this time, Bill Lawry and a girl whose name I can't remember, and Bill's sister(who is Tom Baum's mother) and I on my pony, made trips out on the hills for choke cherries. We ended up once at the drain tunnel which is now the New Park mine. We explored the tunnel and no one was around. We went in far enough that we got wet and decided this was far enough. So we got our chokecherries and went home.

Father had a successful meat and grocery business and kept several horses for delivery purposes. I used to play around the barns and scales where he weighed the beef cattle.

There was a Chinese family who lived behind the barn and we used to give them a bad time chasing their chickens. Like all kids, I used to get into mischief once in awhile. One time we stretched a wire across the sidewalk where we knew this man always passed with his 2 baskets of vegetables on a stick across his shoulders. When he hit the wire and fell, his vegetables scattered all over. We laughed, but after a good Chinese cussing, we left.

We also used to throw snowballs at the Heber farmers that brought hay over to Park City to sell. They stayed in a stable in the street below, but we got caught one time and had a real scare for fear of getting a good "licking".

We also had fun sleigh coasting, skating and skiing on banana crate slats. We had plenty of fun.

Father used to take us to the old Senate Restuarant (Chinese) for a chicken dinner after church. One Sunday as church was letting out, the fire bell was ringing and a real fire of a whole block was in progress. Watching the firemen really intrigued me. The fire chief called to my half brother, George and another fireman who were on the roof of a saloon to get off right then. They no sooner got off and the walls and roof fell in. That, I guess, is where I got my introduction to being a fireman.

About the year of 1908, there was a bad depression. All business had a rough time and father's business went from bad to worse. Before things got too bad, father was offered $20,000.00 for his business and while the buyers were making the arrangements for the turnover, the strikes in the mines were being talked about and the buyers backed off. Dad was forced out of business and so in 1911, we moved back to Heber. I drove a milk cow from Park City to Heber on my pony ending my life in Park City.

After we were settled in Heber, father had to take any kind of work he could get. He usually had work where I could work, too. We worked on cement jobs at the first good bridge between Midway and Charleston. Making cement abutments was a real experience and we worked at different things for a couple of years.

We went to church in what was called the Old Hall located about where Anderson's store is now. The first time we went, I sat with mother and in front of me were 3 beautiful girls, to me. I was impressed with the pretty long hair of one special, my love for 45 years. The other 2 were Dona Murdock Montgomery and LaNora Luke Robison who played an important role in shaping my future.

I had began High School in Park City the fall of 1909 and so in Heber I began as a Freshman. High school was held in the top floor of the old Heber Mercantile store and my woodshop class was held under the old bank building on the same corner.

While the new high school was being built, father got the job of building inspector. I worked at odd jobs all summer until school started again in the fall.

I was active in both music and sports. I played one of the lead roles in the school opera, "The Pinafore". It was a real good experience. I also had several parts in church musicals. I was a member of the school track team as a mile runner. I never made any marks but was always in there running.

In February or March of 1913, (16 years old) my sister Olive's husband (Jesse Burbidge) got me a job in Salt Lake for the Oregon Short Line Railroad for which I have always been thankful for. I started at $25.00 a month and paid Jesse's mother , where I lived, $12.50 for board and room and washing. Mrs. Burbidge treated me the same as she did her own son and I loved her as long as she lived.

I advanced at the office and was in good favor of the chief clerk there and he was good to me and gave me many opportunities for advancement. I was working there when the company and two other rail companies merged making what is now the Union Pacific Railroad. The chief clerk called me into his office in July 1916 and told me they were closing that part of the company office and moving it to Omaha, Nebraska and recommended me and one other clerk to go with the transfer. But as things turned out I landed back in Heber in the fall of 1916.

During this period of time in Salt Lake, I worked at the Orephum Theater as an usher. I started there the winter of 1914 and saw many wonderful vaudeville acts and worked on the main floor the last 2 years and after one special performance of an electric act, I thought I was going to be fired. The act was real special and the house was in total darkness, only for the flashes on stage. All seats were reserved and a few who are always late as usual to everything, was a few minutes late the afternoon performance and we had a little problem. But the night show, I took a little flashlight and had no problem seating the late ones on my aisle. But the chief usher told me not to use it but after the show was nearly over and before we took our uniforms off, the chief usher came to me and told me the manager wanted to see me and I was sure I was going to be fired. But he asked me to show him my flashlight and how I held it. He had never seen one used before in the show business and he had just been transferred from San Francisco. So for the next night the manager told the chief usher to have all on the main floor to have a flash like mine, so I think I was the first person to use flashlights to seat people in shows. I saw many of the world's best actors and acts as the Orephum was the number one across the nation. I saw Will Rogers in his first tour and Harry Lauder, the great Scotchman and his whole show. I saw Lanore Ulrich a great German actress and soprano solist and I had the privilige of carrying a big boquet of flowers down the aisle and handed them to the orchestra leader who handed them to her. I was made assistant chief usher after the flashlight incident and worked Saturday and Sunday afternoons and all the rest of the week nights. It was all a real experience and education into the show business.

Now back in Heber again, Dad had been working at anything he could get and not too happy, so my brother George, who was in business in Park City, helped dad to get started in Heber. Dad got a little"walk in box", a meat block and scales from an old store in Charleston and with $50.00 in cash started a meat market.

"The winter of 1916-17, I worked for the Palace Drug and was one of the first people the Hiatts met when they took over the business. I worked all winter and had $300.00 in my savings. I had proposed to my sweetheart and was accepted after I met her condition to quit smoking.

On June 20, 1917 Mae and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We went with another couple, John Miller and Cora Danielson, and spent 3 days in Salt Lake and Mr. Miller had a new car. Coming home we nearly ran us into the roaring Provo River just below Wildwood, where we would of surely drowned, had it not been for a bunch of willows at the side of the car. We had to get a team to pull the car back on the road. The water was above the running boards-we thanked the Lord for being safe.

Mae worked at the Heber Mercantile and I at Dad's store.

The United States had entered the war and all men 21 and over had to register for the draft, as I did. Summer passed and as fall came many of the young men were called up for the army and on November 3rd my time came and I with about 15 from Wasatch County was inducted and left from Provo for Fort Lewis, Washington where we were assigned to the 91st Division which turned out to be one of the best divisions the army had in Germany. Fate ruled that I was not be a soldier and after a short time, I was discharged for a heart murmur. I was given money for the trip home and when I walked in on Dad, he cried and said his prayers were answered. I went to where Mae worked and she was also surprised and happy.

The spring of 1918, we bought a little old house, 2 rooms down and 2 rooms up stairs and it took Mae, Ella and Grandma Giles about 2 weeks to get it liveable.

About this time, the flu hit the country and many people were dying. My half-brother David died on March 26, 1918. George and his wife and Agnes Marie (Lou) and Luella were coming to Heber a month later to pay for David's burial and he turned his car over and killed him on April 26, 1918, making sad situations. Mae had a brother, Taylor, in the mission field who died of the flu on November 3, 1918. Before the year passed, I lost 2 half brothers, George and David, 3 brothers-in-law and 1 half sister Mable.

The death of Mable on November 14, 1918, made a definate pattern for things for Mae and I. She and her husband Richard Buehler lived in Idaho on a dry farm and she had come to Park City to sister Lou's to have her baby and contacted the flu and died about 5 hours after the baby was born. Before passing and while still able to talk, she called me to her bed and asked if I would care for and raise the baby with his father's consent. And of course Mae and I accepted and did keep and raise what is now a man with a family, Jay Buehler who had all the same advantages as our own.

We had our first child 9 months to the day after Jay was born making the two almost twins. We used to carry them to church

in a clothes basket.

In the spring of 1918 we also bought a little Model T Ford pick up with the money I earned working at the Palace Drug thru the winter and that was the beginning of a lot of new adventures for me and father. I would load a few roasts and steaks and make calls to homes in Daniels and Charleston and worked up quite a trade and also they got to know more about our store. We also got to buying hogs and chickens and dressing them and I would haul them to Salt Lake and sell to markets. We did pretty well at that and I had many experiences with that Ford. I bought my first tire, a Fisk red top, which cost $33.00 for a 30 X3 1/2 " tire that was guaranteed for 3000 miles. All roads were graveled and some real rough. I also had 12 punctures in the city limits of American Fork. Clay Cummings was with me and we"earned our dinner" fixing them.

We worked this adventure to the point where we needed more than the little Ford, so we traded it in Salt Lake for an Oldsmobile truck which was a real good outfit. It cost $1349.00 and the Ford turned in for $400.00 and we paid for the balance that summer of 1920. Business grew and Sylvan came home from the Navy and father got him to stay and all worked together for a long time and made a good business.

I was a Scout Master at this time and also made President of Y.M.M.I.A. for 2 years and then Mae and I were made chorister and organist of the ward choir for some time and she worked in the Primary and I taught in Book of Mormon class for 2 years which was better for me than the class.

I was also in the baseball team for about 4 years and we had a real good winning team in the old Central Utah League, lots of fun.

About summer of 1922, the recession had been bad and business dropped some and so we sold the big truck and paid our debts of the store and I went to Salt Lake and worked at the D.R.G. Railroad boiler shops.. We lived there for about 9 months and I saved enough to get caught up on the back payment on the house that we had bought 2 years earlier from Sylvan Rasband, where we lived until 1939 then traded to Ray Nelson for lumber and 3 beef and some cash with which we started to build a new home.

Father had become quite lame and Sylvan and I had the store and business had grown again and we had moved up on Main Street on 1st North which was known as "Hatch's Row." Some of the businesses in this section were A.L. Davis Barber Shop, a harness and shoe shop by Danielson & Dahlman, the Wave Publishing & Printing, a saddle and harness shop owned by Nephi Forman, J.W. Buckley's Mens Store and Smith Grocery & Meats owned by George Smith & Sons, Earl and Sylvan. We used the old slaughter house down Midway lane and did a lot of slaughtering in that old place and fed all the offal to hogs which made us some extra money. We worked this way until 1936 when Sylvan and I had some unpleasant difficulties and I sold out to him and bought a piece of property from Charles DeGraff south of town, built a real good slaughter house with a good refrigerator and worked up a good business with the help of the boys and mom. . We had started a wholesale route to the Uinta Basin in 1933 . When I sold in 1936, as part of the sale to Sylvan, I

kept the truck and made many trips until World War 2, when meat got too hard to get and I dropped that route and made effort at the slaughter house and done a lot of butchering during the war for others to haul out of the county.

During the Fair Days of the County from about 1925 until sometime in the 1940's, the fair had a beef and lamb barbeque which was the highlight of the Fair. Grandpa Giles (Mae's father) was in charge of the affair. I, with many others took an active part and the Fire Department, the Relief Society ladies and the B.P.W.Club helped. We had 2 pits, one for the beef and one for the lambs. We cooked one whole beef and 12 whole lambs. Me and Grandpa gathered the lambs in our truck and we slaughtered them and the firemen prepared them for the pits and they were cooked all night and 6 A.M. next day were taken out and made into sandwiches by the women. At noon the firemen handed them out from both sides of the fire truck. There were 3,000 plus each year and people came from all over to get in on these sandwiches which were real good. The cattle men furnished the beef and the sheepmen, the lambs free until they decided it was too much to give away, so was discontinued.

About 1940, I built on to the slaughter house which with the help of the boys we developed a good business. We built 200 cold storage lockers at this plant and was one of the first locker plants in the state. In 1942 we bought a locker plant that had been started down town and went broke. We operated there for about a year and a half at which time Owen Buell wanted out of his business and made me a deal on his building and merchandise on 143 North Main. So we moved up there where we developed a good business and stayed there as a locker plant and meat and groceries. We also had kept the slaughter house and it made a good combination until we sold out in 1964.

Being in business on main street, when the fire alarm which was a bell in the top of the old stake house rang, I also started to be present at the fires and helped all I could. There was no organized department only a few of us on main street, with a bunch of wooden candy buckets which Add Averett furnished. The city council passed an ordinance on September 12, 1923 creating the fire department making it offical and providing for fire protection for Heber Valley. I was one of the 12 members of this first fire department which was spear headed by Mayor J.E. Mc Mullin. We had about 250 ft. of 2½" hose on a two wheeled trailer which we hooked on the rear of the first car to come along which we used until 1925 when the city under the direction of Grandpa Giles, bought the first fire truck with a pump. We had a good department, that grew in numbers and efficiency until what is now one of the best equipped and manned in the state. I have held every office in the department except Secretary. I was chief from 1944 until 1949 and it was in 1949 I was elected to the office of Trustee in the Utah State Fireman's Association and was elected twice after and served 15 years in that capacity. At the age of 79, I received my 50 year service pin. My service as a fireman has been a source of pleasure with many experiences both funny and real sad, having had to help pick a dead father and two small sons from their burning home.

One of the things I did that I guess I got more pleasure from was the organization of the Little League Baseball in the Valley.

I worked with the members of the Retail Merchants Assn. of Heber for 2 winters before they decided it might ba a good thing and I think it was 1952-53 we were organized and started playing ball. In the time I was in, Jerry, Don and Doyle were all at one time or another managers of a team. We built a fine diamond on the old one at the old park and played on it 3 years and was pushed off by softball teams. We had built a chain link fence and cement dougouts, grass with a sprinkling system, that we had to give up. But we moved to the north east of town and built another park and had a long series of years of good play for the youth of the valley and the parents. I was made a District Manager and was in charg of Summit, Duschesne, Uinta and Carbon counties. We had many tournaments involving these areas plus teams from Tooele, Bountiful, Salt Lake, Provo, Springville and American Fork at different years. I also made 2 trips to the Little W.B.B.A. World Series (Western Boys Baseball) held in California with expenses paid. I made many trips to Las Vegas for meeting of the directors.

Mom took sick in 1958 and we were told of the cancer and she steadily lost ground and in 1960 I decided we would get as much out of her remaining time as possible, so we went to Arizona for the winter of 1960 with Mr. & Mrs. Len Howe who we had made good friends with and had a real enjoyable time. We were unable to go again because she was in the hospital too often and finaly passed away on September 1, 1962.

I was most unhappy and lonesome and had turned the store to Don and the plant to Blaine and came to Arizona for the winters. When Don decided he did not want the store, we closed it out and sold the building to Hiatts.

I spent summers at Heber and winters in Arizona and met many real nice people that has changed my life way of living. I learned how to play the games of Trailer Court life and enjoyed the new friends. I organized a singing group of about 30-35 elderly people that met each Sunday evening for 2 seasons. We had good Thanksgiving and Xmas dinners and I was asked several times to give thanks at the table also sang solos twice at these gatherings. We played Bingo, Shuffle and cards at the hall where I met many good friends from all parts of the U.S. and Canada.

I was responsible for the pancake cooking each Saturday at the hall for several years with the help of several others and this made me closer to many. One of the first ladies to help with the pancakes was Virginia Chafin, who we were playing Bingo with and a widow who played at the same table with us was really friendly. Virginia said one night, "Why don't you ask Edna for a date?" And I answered she wouldn't think of me that way, but Virginia said, "You'd be surprised." So after a lot of thought, I decided I would and it worked so the rest of that winter of 1966, I was doing okay and I hated to come back to Heber so we made a deal and Edna came after a few weeks and I met her at the airport and we went to my sister Lell's, where two people became very close until Lell's passing in December of 1971.

Edna and I were married on May 23, 1966 at Evanston, Wyoming and drove to Salmon, Idaho to Melba and Jay Eddy, two of the best friends both of us ever had. Edna and I made our home in Mesa, Arizona at the Silver Spur Mobile Park. We were active in the

social activitíes of the Park and continued the pancake get-to-gethers every Saturday. We had bikes we rode, played Bingo, cards, shuffle, pool, picnics and camping.

We spent 5 summers in Heber living in our 24' travel trailer. Edna worked at the Homestead 3 of these summers. We spent a lot of time at Lell's and she made a couple of trips to Arizona with us. Edna and Lell become very close.

My arthritis in my hip kept getting worse, so in 1973 I decided to have surgery and had a hip socket implant. This was done at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona. It was very successful.

In 1971 we decided to buy a lot in Camp Verde, 95 miles north of Mesa. We had our mobile home moved and worked hard getting our place in order. I was elected a board member of the developement and spent a lot of time along with Edna to better things for the development. I served as President for 3½ years. We made a lot of new friends in this new area.

In June 1976 I had a bad heart attack and was in critical condition for several weeks. But with the special care of my good wife, recovered to an active life once more.

We made several trips to California to spend time with Edna's son and her brothers and sisters have spent time in our home. They are people I love and respect. We have also drove back to Venita, Oklahoma, her home town 4 times.

In April 1978 we decided to return to the Silver Spur in Mesa where we are living at the present time.

I have thanked the Lord daily for the health I have and for being so fortunate in having two of the best women God sent on this earth and for the good family and posterity that follows. In raising our family, mom and I tried to impress on our children honesty, integrity and a sense of responsibility to Church and community. And all have served well in these activities. All boys served in the service of our country but Don who was turned down because of a heart condition. Mom and I are both strong believers in God and our church and the Bible -also the Book of Mormon..